

'He that comes of a hen, must scrape.

'Building is a sweet impoverishing.

"To be beloved is above all bargains.

"No barber shaves so close but another
finds work.

(This—alas!—is no longer true.)

'If the mother had not been in the oven,
she had not
sought for her daughter there.

'Better a snotty child than his nose wiped
off. (Some-
times forgotten by dictators.)

'The great would have none great, and
the little all
little.

'Lawyers' houses are built on the heads of
fools.

'Cities are taken by the ears.

'Saint Luke was a saint and a Physician,
yet is dead.

'Choose none for thy servant who has
served thy betters.

'If the brain sows not corn, it plants
thistles.

'He that wipes the child's nose, kisses
the mother's
cheek.

'Old camels carry young camels' skins to
market.

'He is a great necromancer, for he asks
counsel of the
dead (books).

'Here is talk of the Turk and the Pope,
but my next
neighbour doth me more harm than either
of them both.

'We bachelors laugh and show our teeth,
but you
married men laugh till your hearts ache.'

What a light lies here on the soul of a
people! The
cynicism, the shrewd observation, the
sardonic smile, the
cheerful disillusion, the rare flashes of poetry
—all take the
memory back to tie casual daily utterances
of the men
with whose squandered flesh and bone was
built for four
years the wall of England from the
Channel to the

Somme. Clearly this horse-sense had a special appeal for Herbert, who repeats some of these adages in his verse, and could even perpetrate as a line of poetry: